# THE DEMONSTRATOR.

A WEEKLY PERIODICAL OF FACT, THOUGHT AND COMMENT.

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### FREEDOM.

Whose freedom is by sufferance and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Exposed to manacles, deserves them well.
The state that strives for liberty, though foiled
And forced to abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt
And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
Not often unsuccessful; power usurped
Is weakness when opposed; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to fight;
But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for—spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts,
The surest presage of the good they seek.

—William Cowper.

### UNDER FIRE FROM MADDEN.

As announced in our last issue, THE DEMONSTRATOR is "up against it." The strict Mr. Madden is not satisfied with the credentials presented by us, and is inclined to deny second class rates to the paper. His main ground of complaint is that we have taken over the old subscription list of Discontent; and that the names thus secured cannot be considered those of legitimate subscribers, unless they shall signify their acceptance of THE DEMONSTRATOR as the successor of Discontent. This constrains an immediate and urgent appeal to all our subscribers. We want a plain statement from them at once, to be presented to the postal department. If you have not already written, do so NOW. State in explicit terms either that you are a regular subscriber to THE DEMONSTRATOR, having paid for it with your own money; or, if it is the case, that you had subscribed for Discontent, and accept THE DEMONSTRATOR as its successor. Your promptness will probably decide the fate of the paper. A few days' delay; and we may not have the requisite number of names to satisfy Mr. Madden.

A word or two may be in order at this time bearing on the present appeal. As our readers of long standing well know, Discontent and THE DEMONSTRATOR have been conspicuous, if not solitary, among radical and reform papers, in their avoidance of begging. We have appreciated voluntary contributions from those who felt that our work deserved support; but we have not made our needs known, nor requested assistance. This has perhaps made our struggle harder, and caused the burden to fall a little too heavily on the few main workers; but it has been our desire to receive nothing that was not spontaneously given. The only exception made was in the special matter of the defense funds raised to meet the Comstock prosecutions; and this seemed a matter of necessity, and a rightful occasion of appeal to the liberal public. But of our personal and office needs we have hardly hinted, although greatly hampered by insufficient receipts and an unexpected press. We have even abstained (perhaps too much) from prodding our delinquent subscribers, and from specially urging others to subscribe.

It is not our present intention to depart materially from the foregoing policy. We desire our paper to stand strictly on its merits. If its mission as a messenger from Home to the outer world, a special champion of free speech, a propagandist of those ideas which make for the largest liberty, fails to command adequate support, we must consider the fact as evidence of our lack of usefulness, and as depriving our paper of any legitimate excuse for existing. But in the present instance, threatened by Maddenism as formerly by Comstockism, we feel justified in calling on our friends to show themselves. Now is the time to go on record If you do not wish to receive THE DEMONSTRATOR, say so, that we may revise our list accordingly. But if you do, send us an immediate statement, that we may convince Mr. Madden of the genuineness of our list of legitimate subscribers. If you are in doubt as to your present status, look at the number on your wrapper, and compare it with the number of the current issue of the the paper. If you are in arrears, the present would be a good time to bring yourself into "good standing." The more subscribers we can show, whose subscriptions are paid ahead, the more easily can we remove Mr. Madden's delicate scruples.

Despite the urgency of the situation, there is reason to fear that some will procrastinate, or fail altogether to respond. For this reason, it is desirable to secure new subscriptions for the purpose of at least offsetting the number of laggards. Will YOU not help us in this? We have never asked for such assistance before, and may in future leave it wholly to your own belief that the paper and its cause merit support and recommendation to your friends. But when confronted by Maddenism, we feel warranted in departing from our wonted coyness. Mr. Madden's delicate attentions to the Appeal to Reason, the Seattle Socialist and other radical publications have invariably resulted in largely increasing the subscription lists of the papers concerned. Will THE DEMONSTRATOR prove so poor in friends as to be the only exception? Have we no such corps of earnest workers as the periodicals above mentioned? This is the hour of our need. Let it be the hour in which our friends will show themselves staunch and true. Remember that in order to help us in our present contest, we want a personal statement from each new subscriber. A subscription paid for and sent in by somebody else will not scount with the eagle-eyed Third Assistant Postmaster General.

This is never begging than I like to go, and perhaps more than most of the comrades here will approve. So hold nobody responsible for this but me. It is only in an exigency like this, in which the individual disappears before the principle, that I adopt this method. Mr. Madden has adopted a whole set of new rules, calculated to reduce the number of periodicals published for the interest and education of the public; and in my opinion, shows a deliberate tendency to exercise an unfair discrimination against papers of a reform or radical tendency. As I stated this with much greater emphasis when his blows were falling on papers whose views I did not share, my skirts are clear of mere personal motive in now repeating it. I look on Maddenism as a serious phase of the movement to suppress free speech, and hence regard it as only right to appeal to all lovers of a free press to stand together on this issue.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA LIBEL LAW.

An interesting parallel might be instituted between Russian methods of "regulating the press" and the libel law recently enacted by the legislature of Pennsylvania. The purpose of the Muscovian government is to prevent the publication of news or of opinions which would present Muscovite absolutism in its true light. The object of the men who framed the libel law of Pennsylvania, and of the legislature which enacted that law, was to make it impossible for the press of the Keystone state to discuss freely and fearlessly the acts of public officials.

The Pennsylvania press muzzler is designed to terrorize newspapers of all classes. It is intended to gag the most discriminating, conscientious and conservative journals, as well as that very small minority of the press which may not be as careful as it ought to be in publishing news and expressing opinions.

The Russian absolutist will doubtless feel flattered at the adoption of their ideas concerning press regulation by the political oligarchy in Pennsylvania. There is no state which is in greater need of the services of a free and courageous press to shame evildoers in high places and to educate public opinion to a realization of the fact that honest and pure government is essential to the public welfare. But the Pennsylvania oligarchy, like the Russian despotism, hates and dreads publicity. So it has enacted a law which will keep the people in ignorance about the devious ways of politicians and will protect public officials who abuse the trust reposed in them by the people from exposure. Even the Russian absolutists may have occasion in the future to admire the unique skill which the Pennsylvania politicians have displayed in their attempt to muzzle the press.—Baltimore Sun.

Art was the child of Religion, but it has long since abandoned its mother.—Zangwill.

Government is the only thing that can rob you from which there is no redress.—Verity.

### VICTORY FOR THE INJUNCTION.

The fact that the Cooke and Walters' Union of Omaha, Neb., has obtained an injunction against the Business Men's Association of that city has been hailed by some labor papers as a victory for organized labor. The Journal regrets that it cannot so regard the incident. The injunction is of the bed and bedding variety such as is usually applied to labor organizations. The Business Men's Association will probably evade its terms, or, as is more likely, ignore it altogether. In that event, what will organized labor have gained? Even should the injunction effect the defeat of organized capital in this case, it will also effect the defeat of organized labor in another and much more important case.

At best the result for labor will be but a Pyrrhic victory, a few more of which will accomplish the defeat of one of labor's dearest principles.

The issuance of injunctions in labor disputes is opposed by organized labor upon two general grounds—first, as a restraint upon the citizen in the exercise of his lawful functions, and, secondly, as a denial of the constitutional safeguards guaranteed to the person charged with unlawful acts. Upon what principle can organized labor claim a victory in the imposition of these wrongs upon organized capital? The more general application of a wrong may make it less noticeable, because less invidious, in any given case, but it does not make it any less a wrong. Organized labor is opposed to "government by injunction," not so much because that system hinders it in the pursuit of its just and necessary operations, as because the injunction works a negation of the principles of free government. In this matter, as in all others, it is the duty of organized labor to defend the right, not to make itself a party to the wrong, even though it thereby gains a temporary advantage.

One thing the Cooke and Walters' Union of Omaha has done. It has added force to the stock argument of those who oppose anti-injunction legislation, namely, that of itself the writ of injunction is a good thing, as good for the weak as for the strong, if only the latter could be got to avail themselves of its protection! Those who argue in this way are fully justified in regarding the injunction against the Business Men's Association as a victory—for the injunction. Organized labor in general will regard the incident as a blot upon its previously clean and consistent record of opposition to the use of the injunction in labor disputes. Organized labor of such needs nothing from the courts; it should ask nothing from them; it should keep out of them.—Coast Seamen's Journal.

Spring arrays herself in bright colors to mourn the death of winter. Day dreams make pleasant many an hour.

# THE DEMONSTRATOR

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## DEMONSTRATIVE.

The Tacoma Ledger is a fair type of the most conscienceless and unscrupulous of the imperialist organs. Like the army press, it is exceedingly wroth with General Miles for exposing the army crimes in the Philippine Islands. The following comment shows pretty clearly the state of mind of those who think it is a crime to tell the truth about the army:

"He (General Miles) opposed certain legislation favored by the department, and cast aspersions upon the army, when the impulse of every patriotic citizen was to defend the army. Miles desired to be sent to the Philippines in supreme command, after the work of campaigning had been completed, and because his wish in this respect was not gratified he became embittered, and, finally permitted to visit the islands, devoted himself with all the ardor of an acknowleged prejudice to the collection of alleged evidence designed to blacken the repute of the American army. This was an act unworthy. For similar conduct certain men in private life have caused themselves to be despised. What shall be said of the lieutenant general when he lends himself to the purpose of these malign malcontents?

"General Miles will this year retire for age. It will be graceful and decent in him to retire at once, not awaiting the stipulated date. Either he is a discredit to the army, or the army is a discredit to him. In either case a speedy severance of relations ought to be mutually agreeable. With the president rests the power to retire General Miles at once. To see him exercise this power would be satisfactory to the people of the country. They are sick of Miles; of his grumbling and the turmoil of which he always manages to make himself the center. Assuredly his retention is subversive of discipline, for the rank and file and the officers commanding will not have respect for one who seeks to make the world regard them as incompetent, brutal, and engaged in inflicting wrongs upon a helpless race. This is the teaching of General Miles. It ought to bring about his speedy resignation from a position he has signally failed to adorn."

Talk about honor in militarist imperialism! The oligarchic conspirators are eager to turn and rend one of their own number, if he dares to reveal even a small fraction of the truth. The Ledger dares not specifically deny the actuality of the facts reported by General Miles. The horrible record of pillage, outrage, arson, torture and murder must be winked at, if not brazenly defended as part of the necessary process of "benevolent assimilation." But the spotless reputation of the performers of these fiendish deeds must not be tarnished by the faintest whisper of reproach. Exonerate Waller; let Jacob Smith down easy; make a hero out of the unspeakable Funston. The only man to be condemned is he who has the bad taste to allude to the more shady exploits of these fine specimens of imperialism. However, the Ledger is quite right in its conclusions. General Miles has no business in the army, if his stomach rebels at perfidy and inhumanity. The army is no place for a decent or honest man. The militarist element in the United States has had a chance to declare itself; and it has gone on record as heartily endorsing the inexpressible crimes in the Philippine Archipelago, and only indignant at any attempt to expose the criminals. This should settle the matter with all who believe that civilization is best advanced by honorable and humane methods.

Why so many futile attempts to cover up what everybody knows to be true? All who have been so unfortunate as to see much of the individuals who compose the army know what to think of them, though it may not be good policy to be sincere. The soldier is a murder machine; and those who are depraved enough to find such a position congenial naturally come from the very dregs of the population. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule. There are military fanatics, as well as religious fanatics, who justify the bloody business in which they are engaged by a conscientious belief that wholesale murder is necessary for the welfare of their country. Especially is this true of the volunteers for any war which is popularly considered a just one. But the average soldier, the man of the regular army, or the volunteer for such a war of criminal aggression as that now going on in the Philippines, can hardly be classed as a brute without gross insult to the brutes. The government practically admits this by placing them under a rigid supervision not considered necessary in the case of decent citizens. It dares not trust its army nets out of sight. The same, of course, is true of the navy, the other branch of the military service. There is no doubt that saloons are bad things; but why are they so much more dangerous to "defenders of their country" than anybody else? The answer is easy; but it is not highly complimentary to the dear heroes.

The suits of Patrick Monoghan against the Boston Elevated Railway Company, which were entered before Judge Bond, in the Superior Court, were today taken from the jury, the suits having been settled out of court. In this case Patrick Monoghan sued for $10,000 as administrator of the estate of his wife, Ellen Monoghan, who was killed in February, 1900, in the Park-street station in the subway. He also sued for $15,000 for the loss of his wife's services.—Press Dispatch.

The point in this lies in the last sentence. Stop a minute, and think of it. "The loss of his wife's services!" What does it signify, if not that a wife is still legally a slave, whose "services" are to be ranked among the assets of her lord and master? If a widow should bring suit for the loss of her husband's services, she would be laughed out of court. Yet this is the twentieth century, and this the land in which woman is supposed to be in full possession of her rights. Shame on the century, and on the land! Patrick Monoghan, perhaps without realizing it, brands himself as a thief. He admits by this suit that he is the gainer, by his wife's unrequited labor, of a sum which he estimates at $15,000. In confessing this, he avows what most husbands conceal, and furnishes a fresh evidence of the economic status of woman under marriage. However far the exploitation of men may progress, it is always accompanied by the more extreme exploitation of women.

The Rockland (Mass.) Independent, edited by ex-Congressman Loud's sister, says that he lost "his position last fall by his efforts to put it [the postoffice service] on a paying basis." This is only a half truth. His constituents repudiated him, because they did not care to be "served" by a man who consulted the interests of the railroads, instead of the welfare of the people. The only way "to put it on a paying basis" would have been to insist on an honest deal with the railroad companies, instead of the monstrously exorbitant rates now paid for carrying the mails. Like a true tool of the railroads, Mr. Loud conveniently overlooked this potent fact, and tried to assail popular intelligence by attacking the periodicals of the country, which serve as a vehicle for ideas. The clamor about the second-class matter is dishonest; and those with eyes to see can readily detect the cloven hoof. Stop the gigantic railroad steals; and there will be no deficit—and also no opportunity to overthrow free speech and a free press, under the pretext of "putting the service on a paying basis."

Have you joined the Free Speech League? Do not forget that your liberties depend on securing freedom of expression. Send your dollar (or more) to Dr. Foote TODAY.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

## LITERATURE.

[Under this head, it is proposed to comment on our exchanges and on current literature of a thought provoking tendency. Books and pamphlets sent me will be impartially reviewed.]

Owing to the length of Comrade Lloyd's excellent article, I find it best this week to omit the usual book notice.

Comrade James B. Elliott, 3575 Wallace street, Philadelphia, Pa., has thanks for the fine portraits of Thomas Paine and Mary Wollstonecraft, both pioneers in radical thought. Paine's work is well known to the world; and his lamp burns the brighter for all efforts of bigots to quench it. Of that grand woman, Mary Wollstonecraft, I will later speak more fully, only stating at present that the above portraits are for sale by Comrade Elliott at 25 cents for one or 30 cents for the two together.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

## LETTER BOX.

J. A. E., Cripple Creek, Colo.—Oh, no, you are not the only one. We have a printer here from New Orleans, who has too much sense to be tarred with race bigotry. I shall take the liberty of using part of your letter, although it is seemingly not intended for publication in full.

E. W. C., New York, N. Y.—No doubt the edict to whitewash has gone forth; but no coat can be put on thick enough to cover up the stain. The "damned spot" will not "out." The friends of free speech have long memories; and these scandals, however officially hushed up, afford a weapon wherewith to harass the blackmailers to the bitter end.

J. T. S., Provincetown, Mass.—See above. Thanks for clipping.

## WORTH REPEATING.

The text of General Miles' report is ample explanation of why Root held the document back so long.—Memphis News.

From the scared manner in which Postmaster General Payne is calling for proofs of irregularities in the postoffice department, it is evident that he is afraid he'll get what he is asking for.—Houston Post.

Postmaster General Payne's strenuous efforts to suppress the exposure of corruption in his department have been as vain as the efforts of Secretary of War Root to conceal the truth as to conditions in the Philippines.—San Francisco Star.

State Senator Schoenlaub, of St. Louis, was arrested on Saturday night for running a policy game. It is a shame to molest a member of the Missouri legislature when he is trying to make a comparatively honest living.—Kansas City Star.

When a lad of eleven can be tortured, cajoled, browbeaten, confined, starved, overfed, bribed, and heaven only knows what else, for seven days, passing through an ordeal which, according to Inspector Wheeler, he will not forget during the remainder of his life, it is high time definite steps were taken to put the sweatbox where its prototypes, the inquisition and torture chamber, have been put.—Chicago Evening Post.

Human nature is pretty much the same wherever you find it. Here are Russian officials explaining the necessity for mobbing Jews in Russia with the same kind of arguments that white men use to justify the mobbing of Negroes, and which American patriots bring forth to excuse water torture in the Philippines. "Give a dog a bad name and kill him," the old adage has it; a new version might run, "Call a race inferior and torture it."—The Public.

Mayor Low has refused to issue permits for the street preachers who hold the Mormon phase of Christianity. They have been complained about by the clergy of other denominations. Mayor Low will not grant any preaching permit to a missionary who is not endorsed by some clergyman of a regular orthodox denomination who has a pulpit in the city. Thus has a little mayor overridden our constitutional guarantees of no discrimination in religious matters and set up a state religion, or rather a city religion. He takes the ground that Mormonism should not be taught, and what is a little matter like a constitution to him? Just why Mormons have not the same rights that other sects have he has not stopped to say. Street preaching is a nuisance, and missionaries should have a part of the public ground set off for them instead of being allowed to wander over the city at will; but there is no good reason why one sect should not be permitted to make a business of itself as freely as another.—The Truth Seeker.

The love principle of our being is a natural one, and by deny it a right of expression is to deny nature.—Varney.

## GORDAK, THE POET.

In April, 1897, I wrote to Gordak that business had brought me to Boston, and that if convenient to him I would like to make him a little visit. I received an instant answer that I would be "welcome as the flowers in May," and, accordingly, the next Sunday found me on my way to him. No trains run to North Scituate on Sunday, it appeared, but he would meet me at Cohasset. We had not met before, but it hardly took me an instant to identify the soldierly-built man, with gray hair and searching, kindly eyes as the one I sought. He had brought his horse and an open phaeton, and, instead of going straight home, that balmy spring afternoon, took me for a long and delightful drive along "Satuit's Seabright Shore," as he poetically delighted to name his favorite beach, where the waves lapped on the shingle. I found him then, and all through my visit, a charming talker, but at intervals he would suddenly drop into a mood of dreamy silence in which he seemed to forget all surroundings and be quite oblivious of my presence. This seemed more interesting to me even than his speech.

His home was a little, plain, old-fashioned New England farm house, with his carriage house, stable and paint shop near by. I was interested to see him in his own home and to meet his family—his wife, who impressed me as a woman of strong, serene character, his beautiful daughter, the baby grandchild, and the aunt (still bright and intelligent, spite of great age) who had been his foster parent.

He impressed me as a brave, generous, social man, big-hearted, impulsive, perhaps hot-headed at times, but sweet at the core always.

Like myself, he greatly admired Oscar Wilde's art, and I remember as we watched the sun go down that evening that he quoted from "Charmides,"

"when the sun
Hangs his red shield on Corinth's citadel."

It was a visit never to be forgotten.

William Walstein Gordak was born in South Boston, Mass., October 27, 1846, and died at North Scituate, Mass., February 24, 1903. His devoted wife writes me:

"Walstein's life was quite uneventful; he did not do much roaming about; for he loved his home too well. As a young man he went to Boston to learn the printer's trade, but the war came on, and he was so patriotic he must go—so that was an end of that trade. When the war was over and he had recovered from the serious illness he had at that time, he took up the sign-painter's trade, which, with ornamental work and designing, he worked at till his last serious illness. But his one great ambition was to be a writer, a poet, and how he longed for the money and leisure to accomplish his wish no one knows but myself. Just as he began to see a little light ahead the end came."

This womanly tribute is penned with such simple grace and touching eloquence that I cannot do better than quote more of it. She says further:

"Of his character, I don't think there is a person who can truly say a word against it; he was always the soul of truth and honor, and the very antithesis of cowardice. He was very sensitive, but his feelings were well under control, and he was ever thoughtful of others, but his family were his first thought. As you know, he was a great lover of nature, and he loved every bird and flower. He was always fond of children, and they loved him. He was very helpful to those less fortunate than himself. As he lived so he passed away, his thoughts all for the loved ones he was leaving, not a word or a murmur of his own feelings."

In another place, speaking of a quotation from my poem, "My Dead," she says: "I could not help thinking how much that verse suited him—he died, sinking day after day, but making no moan, calmly and peacefully. What he suffered mentally we shall never know, but I can guess the agony he endured, for I know he did not want to go yet."

These words not only portray the man, but throw a revealing sidelight on the beautiful nature of the woman he so happily loved.

Of the thousands of letters I receive I of course cannot preserve many, but I kept an unusually large number of Gordak's, and wish I had preserved more, for they are precious now, and without exception I think he was the finest letter writer I ever knew. They were like fountains of youth, so fresh, spontaneous, witty, were they, sparkling with bright description, apt quotation and kindly reference, or deep with veins of thought, self revealing in every line. Passionate, poetic, humorous, there was a dare-devil, Celtic snap to them most fascinating, yet I believe there was no known Celtic blood in him.

I will quote some samples:

"North Scituate, Mass., November 19, 1899.—Dear Lloyd: I wrote you a postal card a long time ago saying that I would write you later. I learned that trick from J. T. Small, our Provincetown comrade, and a dear, delightful boy he is, too. Sometimes he writes later and sometimes he don't write at all. But he is an awful busy fellow and keeps all the compositors in the United States that he can reach, busy and wide awake trying to decipher his chirography. I don't think you ever saw him. He has a baby face, with large, darling gray eyes (oh, we Anarchists are handsome!). You are a success as an editor, as I prophesied. You say things very charmingly and with a poetic flavor. 'We' is a rare treat. Do you know Forrest? Received from him tonight six copies of his late lamented 'Paragraphs.' He is an awfully bright boy, but he admitted to me that he is no Anarchist. He is a fascinating fellow, and, I think, bound to be successful, but I very much fear that he will fetch up on the wrong side of the house. I met Tucker (at his request) in Boston on the 25th ult. He impressed me greatly. I had no idea that he was so fine looking. We took dinner together and I had a fine chance to hold a long conversation with him. I think he was rather hard on you in Liberty, but that's his way; he will go for anybody the same way. I was pleased to remember that you are a pachyderm and can stand attacks of that kind. Thank heaven, I am growing less sensitive. Once when a man gave me a wrong word he got a clip in the eye instanter. I remember once that I got into a conversation with a conservative—a good fellow, but ignorant to a degree most irritating. I became rather vexed and poured the hottest kind of shot into him. I was amazed at the sentence with which he took it. Pensively I asked him: 'Why don't you get mad?' 'Mad alive,' he replied, 'life is too short.' I have held him in deep respect ever since. I want to thank you for the beautiful little book (Songs of the Unbind Child) you sent me. I see that Wm. Platt criticises one of the poems in it. The idea with which he finds fault I commend. I once took pleasure that sparrow would never be abolished in this world until environ-development should render one affectionless more difficult. It is getting late and I must close. Wishing you great happiness, I remain yours cordially,

"W. W. GORDAK."

I was often "going for" Gordak for often degrading his verse to the undignified posturing of the mere political squib, and once received from him the following defence which I think should go on record:

"I find no fault with your criticism, underlying which is a rare and delicate compliment, except where you say that I write slangily and humorously in order to win the applause of inferior men. Never were you more mistaken. It is written to cut and lash inferior men, and in the only way that I can get at them. Don't you see that underneath it all the deepest detestation and loathing for the men who have scarred and crippled me and mine lies in ambush? Do you remember Brutus at the court of Tarquin? The 'poems' are written in a more epigrammatic, dramatic and sensational manner than I could possibly write prose; besides verse sticks to the brain better. Now that you know the motive, you will see more in them. Most assuredly I would rather be an artist than a cartoonist, but, under the conditions, I can hardly take my choice."

Here is an amusing and characteristic bit:

"Since reading 'No Flag' I am somewhat less patriotic. I pasted that poem on the wall of the shop, and one man, proud of the fact that he could read, read it. He said that the man who wrote it ought to be hung. I silenced him by asking him if he was a relic of the Middle Ages. I guess it was the first time he had heard of the Middle Ages, so he had nothing to say. But dire calamity overtook that poem, finally. I found the ink bottle frozen one morning and put it on the stove to melt. Then I went down to the barber's to get a shave. When I came back the ink was melted. I put it on the desk and took the stopper out. That stopper was in tight, but it came out mighty sudden, followed by the contents of the bottle. That poem never looked so well afterwards, but I remember the sentiments to a dot and they are mine."

Of his last piece of literary work he has this to say:

"My daughter is now playing on the piano 'Satuit's Seabright Shore.' I remember the epithet pleased you when I said I thought of writing a long poem with such a title. Well, instead, it is a song of 32 lines. Baillie (Wat Tyler) recommended me as a fellow who could rhyme to a Boston composer named Flanders. Was in Boston one evening and B. wanted me to hear Mr. F.'s piece that he wanted words for. So I met Mr. F. and heard the music. There were strains in it suggesting the rising of the surf and I thought of S. S. S. It took quite a while for me to get the metre as I had to about conquer the tune first. After a struggle I got onto it. Then it was dead easy. The composer is delighted with the words, and I am rather proud of them myself. The music is very fine and operatic, full of fire; I struck the right impulse and suited the words to the music. It will be published as soon as I get time to draw the design for the title page. Will see that you have a copy."

The last letter I received from him was dated January 9, 1903, and, though brave and cheery, ends with the significant words (never before, I believe, used by him) "Good bye, dear friend."

His penmanship was exceedingly clear and firm, and every letter was finished with faultless precision, as though for the press, making me often ashamed of my own misspelled, half punctuated slab dab missives.

Gordak excelled in descriptive poetry, and there was a curious, lyrical freshness and quaintness about his verse which only the Gods know. I am sorry he did not devote himself more to nature poetry, for I think it is here one would have fastened his work in the line. But he preferred political squibs, which were certainly very witty and trenchant and much admired.

Benj. R. Tucker has his poems, and proposes to bring them out in book form, and I hope every reader of this will at once send him a subscription for a copy. To start the list I hereby subscribe for one myself.

Gordak was partly of American, partly of German blood, for his father was Dr. William Gordak, of Berlin, Germany, and his mother, Martha Hudson Merritt of Scituate, Mass. He was left an orphan when an infant (his father dying when he was seven weeks old, and his mother when he was seven years old) and was brought up by the maternal aunt before mentioned, Elizabeth Merritt, who survives him and is now 91 years old.

I believe that mixing of blood is more likely to produce genius of the variant and original type than purity of stock, and that it was from that graft of German and Yankee that Gordak derived the rebelling instincts that fired his beauty-loving brain to war against the evils of our time.

We corresponded for many years, with never an unkind word, and I found him ever a true man as he was a true poet. I was honored by his friendship and I loved him.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

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Willis B. Dowd, attorney, tells of a negro preacher he heard in North Carolina, who [illegible] ing of the collection plate with the statement: "Salvation's free, brethren, salvation's free! It don't cost nothin'! But we have to pay the freight on it. We will now pass around the hat and collect the freight charges."—The Truth Seeker.

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## Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1903, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joe's Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and the principal office shall be established in other places in this state, located at the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land, for one acre, and one dollar for a constitution, and subscribing to the agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of directors, elected as they be provided for by the by-laws.

Each [illegible] of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not more than one acre of land; nor more than two (less all public streets and alleys) shall constitute a home. The treasury of the association shall never be used, directly or indirectly, for the purpose of [illegible] any member of the association, or any other person, [illegible] shall be expended to change the form or location of [illegible].

No officer or other person shall ever be entitled to dividends or any part in the assets of the association.

All expulsion of membership shall be for [illegible].

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued to the [illegible] thereof, upon the surrender of the [illegible] certificate of membership of deceased.

Fifth. To persons named in [illegible] insane [illegible] wife or husband.

Third. Children of deceased. If there is more than one child they must [illegible] them.

Any improvements upon land deserted by [illegible] and [illegible] shall be [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

## HOME NEWS.

Emma Mastick is spending a few days with the Losey family in Tacoma.

People here are beginning to smile. Strawberries are ripening, and the crop promises to be a big one.

Lewis Haiman has leased 160 acres of land, and is now a genuine "rancher." We wish him all kinds of success.

Jens Ludholm paid us a flying visit on Sunday, and promises to come and "stay awhile" in the near future.

Enolia B. Mullen created considerable discussion at the last Sunday evening meeting by reading a paper on marriage.

We went to Lake Bay last Sunday afternoon and played a pretty good game of baseball. The score was 14 to 12 in favor of the other fellows.

There has been a number of "Bees" at various houses during the past week folding and stitching Laura Smith Wood's book of poems entitled "Mother Soul."

Mrs. Edward Briesen and family stayed with us during the past week while her husband, who is preparing to enter the lithographing business in Tacoma, arranged a home for them in that city.

Don't forget that until larger quarters are secured the store will have to give up carrying feed in stock. Orders can be filled by it at the same prices. Parties so ordering will be expected to take their goods from the float.

Considerable building is constantly going on here. Lois Waisbrooker's printing office is about completed; Olivia Shepard's house is well under way; O. B. Vose and Fannie Burton are building good-sized barns, and various chicken and out-houses are popping up all around us.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

About June 13 I shall start for a brief visit to Lopez Island. On my return I expect to stop at Whatcom, Equality, Everett and Whidby Island. Friends in any of these places, or in towns near them, who would like a call, will please write AT ONCE, addressing me care of A. L. Eastman, Lopez, Wash. I should like to see all the friends I can. If a chance can be made for lecturing, or other propaganda work, so much the better. JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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## NOTICE.

Comrade Emma Goldman has agreed to make a propaganda tour in the west during the months of July and August, if the money requisite for the trip can be raised. She will probably speak at Denver and cities westward. All comrades and friends, agreeing upon this tour, are invited kindly to contribute to the expense of her journey. Address R. Fritz, 421 Castro street, San Francisco, Cal., or E. Goldman, 50 First street, New York City. ROSE FRITZ.

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## OUR NEIGHBORS.

Government vessels have been forbidden to enter the Puget Sound navy yard, at Bremerton, Wash., until the saloons and other shady resorts of that town are closed for good.

The Cooks and Waiters' Union of Tacoma is prosecuting a vigorous boycott against Josselyn's restaurant and confectionery store. His "unfairness" has been so gross as to forfeit him the patronage of all friends of organized labor.

## AN AWKWARD POSITION.

Those shallow minded employers of labor who have been assiduously sowing the wind of fake prosperity, are now reaping a whirlwind of labor strikes. There has in reality been no great prosperity for employers in competitive lines. Though they have done a livelier business, they have not been getting a much greater aggregate of profit. The extra profit has been going to employers who have some kind of monopoly. Consequently, when workingmen, inspired by the constant cry of "extraordinary prosperity," demand a share of this prosperity in the form of higher wages or shorter hours or both, employers in competitive businesses find themselves not only unwilling but unable to concede these demands. It is an awkward position to be in, but some of them are beginning frankly to admit that this so-called prosperity is a hollow sham; that it means for them, as it means for most workingmen, more work and less pay in the face of higher living expenses.—The Public.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Hundreds of lives have been lost, and thousands of people rendered homeless, in Kansas and Missouri, by the most disastrous river floods on record.

Emil Hartman, former member of the St. Louis house of delegates, has been convicted of bribe taking and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary.

King Edward, it is said, will shortly ask parliament for an increase of $150,000 a year in his allowance, making a total of $2,500,000. "Le pauvre homme."

The permanent treaty between the United States and Cuba, in which is incorporated all the provisions of the Platt amendment, has been signed by the Cuban representatives.

The strike at Denver, Colo., which paralyzed the business of the city for a time, has been settled by arbitration. Both sides made concessions, but the victory seems to be with the laboring men.

The German naval ensign who recently murdered an artilleryman from a sense of military obligation was sentenced to four years' imprisonment and degradation from rank. If the artilleryman had murdered his "superior," he would have been hung.

The hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen has resigned the command of the Sixth Army Corps, because the German emperor wrote commanding him to revoke his order against the maltreatment of soldiers. Of course! What are soldiers for, if not to be maltreated?

According to the views expressed by the representatives from twenty of the leading manufacturing states in the union, who met in executive session in the rooms of the National Association of Manufacturers in New York recently, capital is preparing all over this country for a death struggle with labor.

The Sofia correspondent of the "Morning Leader" telegraphs, May 25, that the Macedonia committee reports that the Turks have burned the village of Banitsi, near Seres. Only 48 of the 500 inhabitants escaped, and many women and girls were murdered and their bodies thrown into the water.

The German-Jewish Relief Society has sent an agent to Kishineff, who reports that 700 houses were destroyed, 600 shops sacked and that about 10,000 persons are homeless as a result of the recent massacre. Forty-five persons were killed during the massacre, 84 seriously wounded and 50 were injured.

No change has taken place in the Chicago laundry strike, except for some work which is being done surreptitiously by employers of non-union labor, the Chicago laundry business is at a standstill. No collections and deliveries are made, the strength of the strike lying in the loyalty or the fears of drivers.

The Philippine government has suppressed two "seditious" plays, one in Manila and one at Batangas, capital of the province of that name. Free speech was once recognized as a fundamental American principle. It is now entirely dead in the slave colonies of the United States, and conspired against by the ruling class at home.

The postoffice investigation was marked on May 20 by the cancellation of the promotion of over 3,000 postoffice clerks throughout the country, which promotions had been recently authorized by the department. That's right. Soak the poor clerks, who have been guilty of no offence, so that public attention may be diverted, while the real thieves and blackmailers go scot free.

It has been decided that Messrs. Dorr and O'Brien, of Freedom, a Manila paper, are not guilty of sedition. They were, however, convicted on the charge of libeling LaGarga, a native member of the Filipino commission. Being arrested under an infamous gag law, denied a fair trial, and refused the right of proving the truth of their statements, they were convicted without difficulty.

Count Cassini, Russian ambassador at Washington, has declined with thanks the $500 appropriated by the Nebraska legislature for the relief of sufferers in Finland, and returned the check. Cassini explains that his government is doing all that is necessary for the Finns. No doubt this smooth-spoken count would also "explain" "that his government is doing all that is necessary for the Jews."

A. W. Machen, superintendent of the free delivery, who was relieved from duty some time ago, has been arrested at the instigation of the postoffice department, charged with receiving bribes from contractors. These bribes are supposed to aggregate $20,000. It has been discovered that there is a shortage in the funds of the free delivery system. Machen said the shortage was $20,000, but the postoffice inspectors claim that it will amount to $227,200.

United States Marshal Petit, at Rockville, Ind., notified the department by telegraph of the arrest of Joseph M. Johns, charged with conspiracy in the alleged bribery of Daniel W. Miller, assistant attorney for the postoffice department. Johns will be tried with Miller at Cincinnati. Their cases will be presented to the federal court jury, which meets there October 6. These are mere pawns in the game. The policy of whitewashing has been decreed for the principal rascals.

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## ARROWS OF WIT.

Praise from people we despise generally convinces us that they have good points after all.—Puck.

"I don't believe that man ever deceived anybody in his life," said the enthusiastic friend. "And yet," said Sen. Sorghum, "you want me to give him employment. You don't suppose I have time to teach him the rudiments of business, do you?"—Washington Star.

"Now that ye are one of them, tell me what a politician is?"

"A politician is a feller that promises something he can't do to get elected and does something he promised not to do to hold his job."—Life.

Gertrude (the big sister)—"Maud, I do wish you'd stop your chattering to that dog. Can't you see I'm talking to Mr. Lovedale?"

Maud (aggrieved)—"Well, I've got a right to talk to my puppy, too."—Ex.

"Once at a party," said a Scotch clergyman, "there was a crusty old Scot seated at a whist table playing passionately, and his partner was a young woman, the daughter of a neighboring laird. You are to imagine this young woman's surprise in the heart of the game when the old fellow threw down his cards and bawled at her: 'What kind of a game are ye playin', ye darned auld'—and then, recollecting himself, he bowed and said humbly to the astounded girl: 'Yer pardon's beggued, madam. I took ye in the excitement for my ain wife."—Ex.

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